

Hopkinsville Kentuckian.

VOL. XVII.

HOPKINSVILLE, KY., TEUSDAY, JUNE 11, 1895.

NO. 38.

CREAM OF NEWS.

IF IT IS NEW AND TRUE THIS COLUMN HAS IT.

Watkins Comes into the Race—Goldbugs at Winchester—Thornberry Acquitted—Whent Opens at 75 cents—Called Exercise.

Three Great Games.

The three games last week between the Nashville Athletics and the Locals in this city, were witnessed by over a thousand people. The playing each day was good, but the visitors could not hold the Locals down and lost all three of the games. Thursday's score was: Hopkinsville, 2; Athletics, 0. On Friday the visitors got in one run and the home team made 9. This was just too much for the Nashville boys to swallow, so they wired a professional pitcher to be on hand to assist in Saturday's game. He arrived on the morning train and was in the box on time, but this did not seem to improve matters much. Our boys batted his ball all over the field at pleasure and made 13 scores. The home team pitchers were very sore from having twirled the ball in the two previous games, but held down the visitors, with little difficulty, to 8 runs. The local team has not lost a game this season, although they have several times crossed bats with clubs that have a reputation at stake as ball-players.

Kellar an Easy Winner.

Green R. Kellar, of Carlisle, was nominated for railroad commissioner on the first ballot by the Democratic district convention in the second district, held at Winchester last Friday. Rolla R. Hart was made permanent chairman and Joseph Jeffries, of Bell, permanent secretary.

No effort was made to pass a silver resolution. A packed committee was appointed with Al Berry as chairman and the following "suggestion" was adopted without a contest:

"We endorse the declaration of principles adopted by the National Democratic convention at Chicago and the conservative course of the party on financial questions, which has at length restored confidence to the business future of our country." Judge Helm, of Kenton, who the Covington Commonwealth says was not appointed a delegate, also offered a resolution endorsing Cleveland and Carlisle, which was adopted by an eye and no vote.

Silver Set Wild.

SPRINGFIELD, ILL., June 5th.—The Democratic silver convention adjourned to-night after a session in the course of which there was but little discussion. Resolutions were adopted declaring in favor of the use of both gold and silver as the standard money of the United States at the ratio of 16 to 1, without waiting for the action of any other nation, as declared at length below; also endorsing the action of the Democratic Central committee in calling this convention and instructing the committee to carry out the will of the convention by inaugurating a campaign of education and thoroughly organizing the Democracy throughout the state on the lines laid down in the resolutions. The Democratic members of congress and senators are also instructed to use all honorable means to carry out the principles enunciated.

Resolutions were also adopted in favor of a national silver convention to be held not later than August, and delegates at large to such a convention if one shall be called, were selected.

Watkins Also Enters.

Judge T. J. Watkins, of Eddyville, is announced in his home paper as a candidate for circuit judge, making the sixth candidate to enter the race. Every county has one or more candidates. Christian has two, Calloway two, Trigg one and Lyon one. The Tale of two cities says of Judge Watkins: "His thirty years of active practice at the bar, for twenty years of which time he was county judge of Lyon county, has well qualified and equipped him for the important duties of circuit judge. As an honorable, upright, Christian gentleman and Democrat in whom there is no guile, he is not excelled in the district. His rare fund of legal knowledge and scholarly attainments fit him in such an eminent degree for the place that the convention could not do better than name him as a candidate."

Change the Convention.

The announcement of a candidate for circuit judge who lives in Eddyville makes that town no longer neutral ground upon which to hold the judicial convention, and the committee should meet and change the convention to Cerulean Springs. It is true that place is in Col. Burnett's county, but it is remote from his home town and the candidates could hardly object to the change. It is unfair to hold a convention in any town where a candidate lives and we suggest that Chairman Gatlin call his committee together for the purpose of taking action in this matter.

Thornberry Turned Loose.

The jury in the Dawson murder case brought in a verdict last week at Madisonville acquitting Rufus Thornberry, who was charged with complicity in the crime. Two years ago Albert Berry, an old colored preacher, was murdered at a colored boarding house in Dawson. The colored persons in the house at the time testified to identifying Rufus Thornberry, Wm. Messer and Volney Gilbert, as members of the party that did the shooting and located the time of the killing as between the arrival of the two midnight passenger trains. Thornberry proved by a dozen witnesses that he was in a poker game at the time mentioned, clearly establishing an alibi, and Messer did likewise. Gilbert also gave a satisfactory account of himself, and these cases were also dismissed.

South Kentucky College.

Last night the societies of South Kentucky College gave their closing concert in the chapel, and this was followed by the Art Levee.

This morning at 10 a. m. the session will be formally closed with exercises at the College, including farewell speeches from faculty and students.

To-night Rev. R. Linn Cave will deliver the baccalaureate address at the Christian Church.

To-morrow night at the Opera House the graduates will receive their diplomas. The following degrees will be conferred: J. Paul Sladen, A. B.; Pauline Crumbaugh, A. B.; Thos. C. Jones, B. S.; Daisy L. Wood, B. L.; Hattie O. Gooch, B. L. and Music.

A small fee will be charged Wednesday night.

A Taste of Old Times.

Several prominent farmers have already sold their wheat crops for July delivery at from 70 to 75 cents. This is about 50 per cent higher than last year. The crop of 1894 was reported at about 650,000 bushels. This was by no means a full estimate, but these figures the increased price represents a gain of \$162,500 to the farmers of Christian county. This is a per capita increase of nearly \$5 for all the population of the county and is bound to do business generally and show the people how much better it would be for them to sell their produce at "inflated" prices.

No Camp Meeting at Sebree.

The proper authorities have, after full consideration, decided not to hold a camp meeting at Sebree this year. The reason assigned is that there is so much wrong-doing conducted in the vicinity, over which the church authorities have no control, that upon the whole the results of the meeting are not what they ought to be.—Hustler.

Judge McCarroll Presiding.

Judge Linn has gone home to enter upon a canvass, and the bar yesterday elected Judge Joe McCarroll to preside as Circuit Judge.

A Stupid Butler.

Spanish people seem to suffer from the stupidity of some of their servants as much as we do in America, if the following story, which appeared in a Madrid journal, is true. It seems that a lady ordered her butler one morning to tell all visitors that she was not at home. At night, when enumerating the persons who had called during the day, he mentioned the lady's sister, when his mistress exclaimed: "I told you, man, that I was always at home for my sister! You ought to have shown her in."

Next day the lady went out to make a few calls, and during her absence her sister came to the house. "Is your mistress at home?" she asked the butler.

"Yes, madam," was the reply. The lady went upstairs and looked everywhere for her sister. On coming downstairs she said to the butler: "My sister must have gone out, for I could not find her."

"Yes, madam, she has gone out, but she told me last night that she was always at home for you."—Harper's Round Table.

An Indication.

Mr. Northside walked into his parlor the other evening and was rather surprised to see his daughter sitting on young Mr. Hilltop's lap.

The young people were surprised, too.

The older man was the first to recover his equanimity, and as Miss Northside found her feet he remarked:

"Ah, Lucy! I see your race for a husband is nearly over."

"What makes you say that, papa?" asked the girl, blushing faintly.

"You seemed to be on the last lap."—Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph.

The fatalities from the German cloud-burst now reach fifty, almost double the first estimate.

A WISE DOG.

Story of a Pheasant Hound, Democratic and Homespun.

He Had No Pedigree and No Repertory of Tricks, But He Knew a Good Deal—An Instance of His Wonderful Sagacity.

He was not a thoroughbred, high-toned dog with an ancestry that made him a canine aristocrat, says the Hartford Courant. He was a plain bound democratic and homespun in his ways, with a degree of intelligence and common sense that would do credit to man, the speaking animal. His name was Pete, and for twenty years he was a member of the family of N. M. Wright of East Hartford. He had a good head on him for a dog, and many of his feats of mind power, so to speak, are traditions in the family. He knew all the members of the family when their various names were called, and would approach the mother or the aunt whenever told to do so, and never made a mistake. One instance of Pete's sagacity is worth noting as showing the quality of the dog.

It was during the period of heavy snow and impassable roads immediately succeeding the March blizzard of 1888. One member of the family was away from home six miles and a half and sick. There was no way to get any word to or from her, with the snow six to ten feet in the roads. Pete was familiar with the place where the sick person was, and how to get there. He also appeared very nervous and evidently missed the sick one from the house. One day it occurred that communication might be established by Pete. A note was tied about his neck and he was told to go and find the sick one. He plunged into the snow, mistle, way six miles and a half, gained entrance to the house, rushed into the sick room and jumped upon the bed. The note was read, an answer tied to Pete's collar, and he was sent back. He made the round trip for two weeks, made the same trip, varying scarcely a minute from two hours and a half on any trip.

Well, Pete grew old. He was weak, his teeth were gone, and he was hard lines for the old hound. Mr. Wright, although he has shot many animals in his capacity as agent for the Humane society, could not bring himself to part company with a friend that had done such faithful service and been so worthy a member of his family. So it happened that one day this week, Dwight W. Thrall, the general agent of the society, was out in Hartford and he was called upon to perform the sad office. Peter was sent across the Styx painlessly at the muzzle of Mr. Thrall's revolver. His body was put in a new pine box and he was accorded a decent burial, and there were real tears from those who loved him.

A FEW DATES.

When the Various States Were Admitted to the Union.

The dates on which the thirteen original states ratified the constitution, and those on which the rest have been admitted into the union, are as follows: Delaware, December 7, 1787; Pennsylvania, December 12, 1787; New Jersey, December 18, 1787; Georgia, January 2, 1788; Connecticut, January 9, 1788; Massachusetts, February 7, 1788; Maryland, April 28, 1788; South Carolina, June 23, 1788; New Hampshire, June 21, 1788; Virginia, June 20, 1788; New York, July 26, 1788; North Carolina, November 21, 1788; Rhode Island, May 29, 1790; Vermont, March 4, 1791; Kentucky, June 1, 1792; Tennessee, June 1, 1796; Ohio, November 29, 1802; Louisiana, April 30, 1812; Indiana, December 11, 1816; Mississippi, December 10, 1817; Illinois, December 3, 1818; Alabama, December 14, 1819; Maine, March 1829; Missouri, August 10, 1821; Arkansas, June 15, 1836; Michigan, January 26, 1837; Florida, March 3, 1845; Texas, December 29, 1845; Iowa, December 28, 1846; Wisconsin, May 29, 1848; California, September 9, 1850; Minnesota, May 11, 1858; Oregon, February 14, 1859; Kansas, January 29, 1861; West Virginia, June 20, 1863; Nevada, October 31, 1864; Nebraska, March 1, 1867; Colorado, August 1, 1876; North Dakota, November 3, 1889; South Dakota, November 3, 1889; Montana, November 8, 1889; Idaho, July 3, 1890; Wyoming, July 11, 1890.

A post office in Oregon county, Mo. has been named "Con."

We will close our store at 7 o'clock every evening during the summer months except Saturdays, when we will be open till 11 p. m.

J. H. ANDERSON & CO.

A BIRD . . .

In Hand is Worth Two in the Bush.

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You can save money by buying your Dry Goods, Carpets and Millinery of us. We have the most elegant line of silks, dress goods, trimmings, silk waists, millinery, carpets, ever placed on exhibition in this city. Come and see them.

RICHARDS & CO.

Valuable Lands for Sale.

I, the undersigned, will offer for sale at the Court House in Hopkinsville, Ky., on Monday, July 1, County Court day, the farm known as the Mary McCarty farm, upon which John J. Reed now lives, consisting of 757 acres. The lands are divided into three tracts.

TRACT NO. 1 contains 128½ acres, well watered and fenced. TRACT NO. 2 contains 426 acres, with two good barns, good dwelling two stories, four rooms and an L. Good stable 80 by 40 feet, good granary and about 200 acres of fine timber. This will make an exceptionally fine home.

TRACT NO. 3 contains 202½ acres with about 100 acres of timber. These lands have been worked for the past 18 years by Mr. John Reed, and with great success. No finer land to be found in Christian county. The land to be offered in separate tracts, and then as a whole.

TERMS—Cash, balance in equal payments 1, 2 and 3 years, with 6 per cent. interest from Jan. 1, 1896. Lien retained. For further particulars write or see me at CADIZ, KY.

T. K. Torian.

A great many suits are going at Our Great Offer

10 per cent off on all boys and children's clothing until the entire line is closed out. This proposition makes them go fast.

Come Early and get best pick

REMEMBER a real Balbriggan Shirt and Drawers at 25 cents each. These goods go, understand. No catch, a bonafide offer. Our line of furnishing goods is extensive, and we are selling at SACRIFICE PRICES.

We carry a fine line of GENTS SHIRTS.

—BOTH— WHITE AND COLORED. The best Unlaundered Shirt on earth for only 50 cents

SHOES have advanced but our prices have not yet been changed except on a Few and they for lower prices

STRAW HATS See our boys \$1.00 Hat we offer your for 25c. The best Milan braid now goes at 75c. The latest in Fur and Stiff Hats, Dunlap shapes Youman, and all go at from \$1.50 to \$3.00. We want your trade and will

SAVE YOUR MONEY. Petree & Co.

STUDIC at Residence, South Main St.

WON AT LAST

By Bernard Dwyer.

"Good-by, Mr. Grey!"

And that was all their parting, for at that moment the prospector drove to the door in his buggy to take Frank Grey to the depot.

The prospector's horse was just such an animal as he might be expected to own—a quick, Indian pony, with legs as clean as a deer's, which was by no means inclined to let the grass grow under his feet, but Wilders was afterwards wont to declare that it was the longest mile he ever drove, for his companion was more impossible than a widow at the loss of her first husband.

As the steamer Idlewild pulled out of the bay Grey sat gazing on the retreating land, wondering whether ever again he would see those inhospitable shores.

His heart was full of bitterness. Why had things gone so wrong? Well, yes, he had after all been indiscreet in his treatment to Elsie Whitford, but who would have expected such a child as she was to have grown into a woman in one single night?

Then he took from his pocket the package that Wilders had given him. There was a spell of sentiment over him now, and the dried geraniums would be a consolation, conveying many pleasant memories; but when the envelope was torn open no yellow buds were there, only ten twenty-dollar bills wrapped in tissue paper and a letter in Mrs. Wilders' neat handwriting.

"Use this trifle without compunction. It is a free gift from your loving friends, Jack and Millie."

Then was added in the big, rough, scrawl of the prospector: "Don't return this little pile. No man goes back on my Millie's wishes and calls me friend J. W." "Now, God bless their noble hearts!" murmured Grey, as tears of deep emotion coursed down his cheeks.

CHAPTER VI

A MOONLIGHT RAMBLE

"Then I will take your room for a month, Mrs. Whitford, and pay in advance," Elsie heard a voice say, as she entered her foster-mother's house one afternoon.

"Come to pay, zer, when we ha' added it: vor it be 'most as bad to pay ahead as not at all."

"The word of the righteous is his bond," snuffed the stranger, whom Elsie



WHITFORD CONFRONTED HIM.

had no difficulty in recognizing as Dodd, the Hopkinita.

This was the beginning of very bad times for the poor girl, for in place of the pleasant companionship of the cultured young schoolmaster, she had to endure the perpetual presence of one who instinctively detested, and who added to her abhorrence by constant unpleasant allusions to her absent friend.

To add to her dilemma, the man seemed to have bewitched her foster-parents—Mrs. Whitford by a sanctimonious appeal to her easily wrought religious emotions; the corporal by a dazzling display of a knowledge of elementary geology, with a special bearing on minerals, which, to his untutored mind, revealed a depth of learning bordering on the supernatural. When the cunning rogue told Whitford it was gold he was after, and gold he would surely find, and how he would share his fortune in embryo with his host, the corporal's heart glowed with hope, and he was quite aware that he was entertaining an angel, who would be a special providence to him in his daily increasing difficulties.

Day by day the clouds gathered over the young girl's life; at last the storm burst.

"Elsie, lass," said Mrs. Whitford late one evening, "O! hate to send thee out at this time o' night, but thy fether's tired, an' I ha' need o' things from the loon. Gan thee must, O! be afeard."

"I will accompany the maiden," Dodd suggested, with a ready smile.

Elsie started at the proposition. "No sir, I prefer to go alone."

"Why, Elsie? There was a world of reproachful surprise in Mrs. Whitford's tones.

"Hoot-toot, lass," broke in the corporal, hotly, "the parson's good enough company for the likes of you; get on ef'er an' start this minute."

He spoke so thought he meant to be obeyed, and the girl with a sigh made her preparations.

As the ill-assorted couple wended their way along the lonely path that led to the city, Dodd talked freely, receiving, however, from the panting lips of his companion but brief and broken replies. In fact she heard but half he said, but suddenly she was shocked into strict attention.

"My dear child," he said, suddenly, "the Lord hath anointed the blessed

state of matrimony."

Elsie felt constrained to say something, so curtly replied: "I suppose so."

"And St. Paul says that it is not meet that man should live alone."

"Does he?" very wearily.

"So for the last few weeks my meditations have turned toward marriage."

"Some lady in Oretown?" she asked indifferently.

"Yes, dear child, listen. He drew closer to her as he spoke. 'I am not very young, it is true, but Providence has blessed me with perennial cheerfulness of spirits. Youth, you know, is not everything.'"

"I suppose not."

"Youth is indolent; youth dissembles, youth is fickle."

"Yet youth is very enjoyable."

"In a carnal sense, yes."

They walked on a little in silence. Mr. Dodd doubtless meditating on the iniquities of the young.

Suddenly he asked:

"Do you love your father and mother, Elsie?"

"What a question! Of course I do."

"And you would obey them like a dutiful daughter?"

"Surely, but what has that to do with your matrimonial projects—it was of them we were talking."

"Oh, Elsie, can you not tell? Surely those big round eyes of yours are not blind to my devotion? Child, I love you!"

"You love me?" the girl recoiled with horror. "Sir, if my father only knew that you had dared to do this—"

"Pshaw! Your father does know, your mother, too; this errand was all a sham, got up to afford me the opportunity to speak to you."

"Impossible!"

"And why impossible? Ah, I see, you still harbor after that scoundrel Grey, whose very acquaintance was a reproach to you."

"You pitiful coward!" Her eyes blazed with indignation.

"You darling little beauty!" he cried, seizing her in his arms and showering kisses on her face.

"Help! help!" she shrieked, in sickening agony.

Her breath came in short, choking gasps, the rocks seemed to whirl, and the earth to reel.

Suddenly—how she never knew—a burly form sprang from the shadow, there was the dull thud of a heavy blow, and her persecutor loosened his hold on her and fell with a crash to the earth.

"Great Caesar!" shouted a manly voice. "I guess I've knocked the spots off that coon's beauty anyhow. Here, hold up, my girl; there's nothing to fear."

"Oh, Mr. Wilders," Elsie gasped, clinging to his arm. "I am so glad you came."

"So am I."

By this time the discomfited Dodd had gathered himself together, his face



"I GUESS I HAVE KNOCKED THE SPOTS OFF."

livid and bruised, with the blood flowing freely from a cut on his cheek.

"How dare you," he hissed, "strike a minister of the gospel?"

"Ha, ha, ha," Wilders roared. "So I've hooked you at last, you sneaking, hypocritical, 'tarnal old wolf in sheep's clothing.'"

"I'll have the law of you. I'll charge you with assault and battery, and—"

"Burglary, infanticide, manslaughter and a score. Whop her up, old boy; but," he added, sternly, "if you don't right here give a better explanation of your conduct I'll pound the life out of you sure as my name's Jack Wilders."

"I was simply offering my heart and hand to the maiden, with her parents' full consent. I have been guilty of nothing more dreadful than snatching a kiss from a promised bride, Mr. Grey."

"Why, dog-dart your all-fired impudence, your hearty hand! to a slip of a girl of seventeen at most!"

Elsie, he said, turning to the trembling young woman, "Does this fellow speak the truth?"

"I do not know," she stammered; "perhaps I was foolish, O! take me home."

"See here, parson," Wilders said, much mystified, "I'm going to take this young lady back to her parents. The road's free; you can go first or last; but, understand that two's company an' three's none. If you desire to go sky-larkin into a law court you'll not have to run across to find me, an' if you ever annoy this girl again, parents or no parents, consensin', it's Jack Wilders you'll have to reckon with, an' don't you forget it!"

The baffled Dodd, muttering speedy renunciation, slunk away toward the city, and the prospector led Elsie up the hill homeward.

"You never promised to run in double harness with that cuss?" he asked, abruptly.

"No!" she answered, emphatically.

"The son's parents—did they give him the office, do you think?"

"Did they encourage him, do you mean?" Oh, Mr. Wilders, I am afraid they did."

"Great Scott!" The information seemed to reduce the honest prospector to a state of speechless indignation.

Presently, however, he remarked:

"Wery, Elsie, you an' Mr. Grey were kind of thick."

Secret of Beauty

is health. The secret of health is the power to digest and assimilate a proper quantity of food. This can never be done when the liver does not act its part.

Do you know this?

Tutt's Liver Pills are an absolute cure for sick headache, dyspepsia, sour stomach, malaria, constipation, torpid liver, piles, jaundice, bilious fever, biliousness and kindred diseases.

Tutt's Liver Pills

For Malaria, Liver Trouble, indigestion, use BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

THAT DARK BROWN TASTE

in your mouth indicates Bile, and shows that your blood is wrong.

NEAT'S SARSAPARILLA

will set your blood right, and cure your Dyspepsia, Sick-headache, Nervousness, Aches and Pains—Tone you up all over. Try one bottle, and be sure to ask for "Neat's."

Neat's Sarsaparilla is for sale by R. C. Hardwick, druggist.

ITCHING PILLS SWAYNE'S

ABSOLUTELY PURE. IT CURES ALL ITCHING PILLS. IT CURES ALL ITCHING PILLS. IT CURES ALL ITCHING PILLS.

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In Poor Health

means so much more than you imagine—serious and fatal diseases result from trifling ailments neglected.

Don't play with Nature's greatest gift—health.

Brown's Iron Bitters

If you are feeling out of sorts, weak, and generally exhausted, and have no appetite, begin at once taking the most reliable strengthening medicine which Brown's Iron Bitters. A few bottles will cure—benefit comes from the very first dose—won't stain your teeth, and it's pleasant to take.

It Cures

Dyspepsia, Kidney and Liver Troubles, Neuralgia, Constipation, Bad Blood, Malaria, Nervous ailments, Women's complaints.

Get the genuine—it has crossed red lines on the wrapper. All others are imitations. In respect of two stamps, we will send out of free. Beautiful World's Fair Views and book-free.

BROWN CHEMICAL CO. BALTIMORE, MD.

"Yes," So low the answer that even Jack's acute ear could hardly catch it.

"Don't think I want to pry into secrets; but if it had been him trying to snipe a kiss on powder ledge, the lady wouldn't have opened her beautiful mouth so 'tarnal long now, would she, my dear?"

"Oh, Mr. Wilders."

"It can't be denied. I'm Frank Grey's friend; an' I want to get the right lay of the land before I go ahead."

"Mr. Grey never spoke a word of love to me. He does not even know that I—"

"I mean that he—that is that—"

"Exactly so—a no! as good as a wink to a blind horse. I see. Now, run home an' leave it out with your mother. You freeze on to Frank Grey; he is a man as will make his way, an' I guess he don't mean to lose sight of the little girl up at Oretown."

He bade her good night with a last parting injunction.

"Don't knuckle down to anyone, an' whatever happens, my girl, remember you've friends in Millie an' Jack Wilders, so hold your own, an' keep a stiff upper lip."

Poor Elsie made a sad mess of it, when she reached home. The very worst she could make of the case was that Dodd had tried to kiss her—no very heinous offense in the eyes of those Derbyshire peasants, whose ways of wooing are a little rougher than those permissible to polite society.

Having once accepted the fact that she

Professional Cards.

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FIRST NATIONAL

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SHAVING 10 SHAMPOOING 25 CENTS.

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Change in Time-Ohio Valley Railway

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23rd 1894.

TRAINS GOING SOUTH.

No. 3 Daily Mail Express

Evansville.....4:30 a.m.....8:20 p.m.

Henderson.....4:30 a.m.....8:20 p.m.

Cordova.....4:30 a.m.....8:20 p.m.

Morganfield.....4:30 a.m.....8:20 p.m.

Paducah.....4:30 a.m.....8:20 p.m.

Sturgis.....4:30 a.m.....8:20 p.m.

Marion.....4:30 a.m.....8:20 p.m.

Princeton.....4:30 a.m.....8:20 p.m.

Carrollton.....4:30 a.m.....8:20 p.m.

Greeneville.....4:30 a.m.....8:20 p.m.

Ar. Evansville.....11:20 a.m.....9:30 p.m.

NORTH BOUND

No. 1 Daily Mail Express

Evansville.....4:30 a.m.....8:20 p.m.

Hopkinsville.....4:30 a.m.....8:20 p.m.

Princeton.....4:30 a.m.....8:20 p.m.

Carrollton.....4:30 a.m.....8:20 p.m.

Greeneville.....4:30 a.m.....8:20 p.m.

Sturgis.....4:30 a.m.....8:20 p.m.

Paducah.....4:30 a.m.....8:20 p.m.

Cordova.....4:30 a.m.....8:20 p.m.

Morganfield.....4:30 a.m.....8:20 p.m.

Henderson.....4:30 a.m.....8:20 p.m.

Evansville.....4:30 a.m.....8:20 p.m.

Extraordinary cut in prices

AT

THE LEADER.

How is This?

We have reduced the price of our entire stock of MIL-LINERY from a ten cent

SAILOR to our finest

PATTERN HATS

1 THIRD OFF THEIR REGULAR VALUE

It will pay you to call and see for yourself that this

ASSERTION

is no

SHAM.

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THE LEADER,

Mme. Fleurette Levy Mgr.

Prices Cut At The Palace.

Sailors! Shapes! Sailor

I have them. You want them. At prices from 10c to \$2.00, all colors. I am daily receiving all the latest novelties

The Palace Leads

in Styles. Trimmed Hats from 25c to \$5.00. Ribbons, Laces, Silks, Velvets, Flowers, Hair Ornaments, Ladies' Vests, Gloves, Silk Floss, Stamped Goods, Corsets, Hosiery. Also a full line of Butterick Patterns

MRS. ADA LAYNE

CORNER 9TH & MAIN.

TERMS CASH

WOOL! WOOL!

SHIP TO US. The largest Commission House in the South. The most liberal advances, and best facilities for getting high prices. We sell to the Eastern factories and save the middle man's profit. Issue warehouse receipts and store free of charge. Sacks furnished free of charge to those who ship us. We solicit shipments of everything in the produce line. Write us for prices.

No. 215, 216, 217 &

was grown out of girlhood, which had been instilled into their minds by Dodd's eclectic sophistries, they saw nothing but foolishness in the fuss she had made over the trifling adventure of the evening, and they were fiercely indignant at Willard's treatment of the good lady, who honored them by desiring to become their son-in-law.

"Danna knew which side her bread was buttered on," grumbled Mr. Whitford, as Elsie escaped to her chamber. "Just as he was going to get that gold mining company adroit, growled the corporal. 'Dart that schoolmaster! I wish he'd never shown his handsome face in these parts.'"

"What, Grey! Whatens he got to do with it?"

"Why, I heard," said Whitford, stolidly, puffing his pipe. "Why, I heard as there had been a sight of talk about our lass an' him, that the school board had something to say about it—my, I heard as he had to leave for car-ry-in with Elsie. They kept it mum, but there was a buzz about it. 'It be all my fault,' moaned the unhappy woman. 'O! keep the lass! short dresses when her ought to a wove long gowns.'"

As she spoke the door opened and a figure glided into the room. It was the pastor. His clothes were soiled and torn, his face was ghastly. A dirty limp, dirty, disreputable personage it was difficult to conceive. So comical was his appearance that the corporal, who possessed a stolid view of human conduct, notwithstanding his awe for the sacred personage, scarce kept his countenance.

"Been in the wars, sir? Never mind, a little soap an' water 'll soon put ye to rights. A little vinegar 'd be a good thing for your cheek, if it wasn't so broken and—"

"How'd thy tongue, mon," the dame interrupted; "at'll reverence change his clothes, an' O'll fettle un up wiv wet yeches."

"Dear friends," Dodd groaned, "you see my plight—my bodily suffering you can appreciate, but who can picture the agony of mind I endure?"

"Who done it?" asked the corporal, though the sky dog knew well enough before he put the question.

"That son of Belial, Jack Willard's."

"Well, parson, I reckon you left your mark on him?"

"No, I am a man of deeds, not blows; and mark me, Mr. Whitford, that man shall wash away these stains with tears of anguish."

Such a diabolical expression shadowed Dodd's features as he breathed this threat, that the corporal shuddered; but he could not quite understand any condition in which a man received a blow and did not return it, and from that moment, he began to see flaws in his idol.

CHAPTER VII.
FRANK GREY SECURES AN APPOINTMENT AND LOSES IT.

"And this is the Sabbath day in great New Babylon of Chicago," Grey mused as he wended his way one Sunday morning to the post office. He was not, strictly speaking, in his opinion, in any way financial, but the utter disregard of that day of Rest he had from childhood been accustomed to observe jarred his feelings strangely.

He was "running full blast." Theaters, concert-halls, "dives" of every description were open to the public, who seemed bent upon taking every advantage of enjoyment they offered.

To Grey the scene was hideous. It was not the gay, riotous festival of a Parisian Sunday, but day on which young men shut themselves up in bil-

lards and gambling dens, and drank themselves into a state of lethargy. It was a vulgar, senseless, behind-the-scenes kind of a Sunday.

Frank Grey had resolved upon a journalistic career. He felt that he could write, and as he was temperate, energetic and modestly willing to begin at the bottom of the profession and work his way up, he did not anticipate much trouble in securing a position, and with this end in view he had written to the managing editor of every newspaper in the city a letter of application for immediate employment, if needs be, volunteering to give his services for nothing at the start.

When he reached the post office he took his place in the long line of expectant men patiently taking their turn of inquiry at the little window. It might be ten minutes before his chance would come, so he spent the time in scanning the features of the men near him, speculating on their lot in life, for they were of every rank, color, and age, and he had come to this Mecca of the destitute to seek em-

ployment. His attention was especially attracted to the person immediately in front of him—a tall, broad-shouldered, handsome young man, with a face expressive of intense anxiety.

"Algeron Draville!" the stranger asked when his turn came. The clerk hastily ran over a pile of letters and shook his head.

"Are you sure?"

"Nothing for you. Pass on," was the response.

Grey was sure he saw the young man's face flash and then grow deadly pale as he strode away.

For himself there were four letters, each bearing the address in large block letters of a Chicago daily paper. He checked to himself as he received them, his only apprehension being that he had been precipitant in offering his services in such a broad manner, which might lead to the embarrassment of more than one accepting his proposition. Putting the precious missives in his pocket to be enjoyed at leisure in his lodgings he strolled away with much self-satisfaction, pausing for a moment to gaze with wonder into the show windows of Clark street, where the second-class tradesmen were driving a roaring business notwithstanding the city ordinances which prescribe fines innumerable for all violators of the Sabbath day.

He had crossed two blocks on his way to his lodging when his attention was attracted to a second-hand basement clothes store, in which, to his surprise, his handsome neighbor at the post office was standing in the midst of some dirty Jewish salesmen, engaged in a violent altercation, everyone of the shopmen speaking at once, and the young man indignantly protesting in loud and angry tones.

Without a moment's reflection Grey sprang down the steps to the young man's aid.

"Can I serve you in any way?" was the impetuous offer. "What is the matter?"

"Nothing. You thought it was a row, did you? Good fellow! it's only a way these enterprising gentlemen have of doing business."

"Indeed," Grey replied, blushing at his impetuous interference. "I am very sorry I intruded."

"Never mention it. And now," said the manager, turning to sell his coat in the street, "if you will not give me ten dollars for an overcoat for which I paid fifty not a month ago, give me the garment back."

A babel of polyglot depreciation followed.

"Surely," said Grey, "you are not thinking of selling that handsome overcoat?"

"Not for four dollars, which is all the beggars offer."

"Get your coat and come along with me. I have something to propose; you must; you shall." And, notwithstanding the opposition of the Jews, who, in their agency at losing a customer of fered nine, ten, eleven, and then, with a scream like the cry of a lost spirit, twelve dollars—they escaped to the sidewalk.

"Let me be your friend," Grey said, grasping the arm of his new acquaintance. "I am sure the dilemma that changes a gentleman's coat in a strange city can be easily explained, and you will confer favor on me by—"

"Letting you act the role of a transatlantic Brother Cheerful," said the dressed yet deserving young man. The twin is at home, I suppose, waiting to take me to his heart and fortunes."

"Yes, I am as great a stranger in the city as yourself—I am implying that you are a stranger—and—"

"A thousand pardons," the young man interrupted, grasping Grey's hand. "You are a royal good fellow and deserve a frank explanation. I am a peripatetic Englishman out of luck. My necessities are great, and I am in shadow, but it is the confounded need of ready cash that is driving me to my wits' end. There never was such a land as this for money and a scamper through the west. I have got into difficulties. Leaving my baggage out in Omaha as security for a hotel bill I started for Chicago, and here I am scrambling, hustling human beehive of a Chicago."

Grey laughed.

"You will like the place if you stop here long enough. They say that every one who comes here hates it the first month of his residence, endures it the second, and adores it the third," he said.

"Well, I'm in the first stage of experience, and I candidly confess I detest it, but to return to my story. My residence is not come, and as I do not know anyone in the country, I am in what you would call a 'tarnation fix.'"

"I do not know that I should see such an expression," Grey smiled. "Only American gentlemen in English novel would talk in that way; but never mind. You want some ready money. I am not a Jay Gump, but I can spend you a little, if you put your pride in your pocket and accept my offer as cordially as it is offered."

"Agreed with all my heart. By God, if all your countrymen were as fine, big-hearted fellows as you are, I should not be in my fix now among you."

Thus began between two young men, who half an hour before did not know of each other's existence, a friendship of acquaintance.

In the silence of his chamber that night, after a day pleasantly spent with his new acquaintance, Grey drew forth his pocket and looked at the fate, sure of a choice of positions and one of the best of his kind, and when the last was perused he sat down on the bed gazing with the blank stare of disappointment.

The fact is, they were all written alike, as though one hand had written them, and each contained the assurance that the members of the staff of that particular journal never reigned, rarely did, and that there was not even the thinnest hope of present or future life in the employment of any of them.

Grey modestly tapped at the door, then entered.

The walls of the office were profusely adorned with flying posters, while its furniture consisted of three common window chairs and large pile-bottomed abundantly littered with papers, behind which sat a tall, gaunt man with gray hair falling over his shoulders.

"Col. Gilchrist, I presume?" Grey inquired.

"At your service," the gentleman bowed with old-time politeness.

"I beg to hear you this letter of introduction."

"Ah, I see, from my old friend Black. Well, young man, what can I do for you? This with a new air of patronage in his tone.

"I am seeking literary work."

"What do you mean by that?"

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and in a few minutes found himself in the presence of an oldish man, rather inclined to corpulence, whose well-to-do air and comfortable surroundings hardly served to point a moral to his wall over the blighted prospects of journalism. He received the young man, who stammered his apologies for his importunity, with good-humored cordiality.

"So you are another moth fluttering in the candle of literary hope?" he asked, with an amused smile.

"Well, yes, if you put it so. I do most earnestly wish to join your ranks."

"What do you think you are fit for?"

"Oh, I am modest; I am willing to start with a pittance, nay, to work for a time with no remuneration, if the chance be given me."

"Exactly. But what are your qualifications?"

"I can write rapidly and with tolerable accuracy. I have already done some magazine work, and—"

"Hark!" interrupted the eccentric editor. "Can you wallow in the mire of ward politics? Are you hand-in-glove with the leaders who hang around Hans Pumpernickel's beer saloon? Can you forget that you are a man and betray private confidences; lie about people who have been gracious to you; put up with insults; write against your most solemn convictions, and be ready to be kicked out of your berth by your employer, who will find a man with a skin a little tougher or a conscience a little denser than your own? Can you, I ask?"

"Well, if you are the result of this peculiar training, I—"

"Might venture too. Ah, young man, we are not so similarly situated—I never had to begin at the bottom. In my young days things were different, and there was no such thing as hungry scribbles hanging on to a newspaper. However, thank your blessed stars, there is no chance of your getting on the daily however suddenly you may be inclined."

"What chance, sir, do you think I would have with the weeklies?"

"Their name is legion, but with the exception of three or four you would be either requested to write for starvation wages or be engaged at a high salary and never paid. You might, if you were lucky, get nine dollars a week, and a bricklayer's wages are four dollars a day."

"The picture you draw is not encouraging."

"Nor do I mean it to be. Fly from this over-populated city, to which every young adventurer breeds from every country on the earth makes his way, till the streets are teeming with the unemployed—bore, say, have you an imagination? Can you paint words into pictures? The story papers do pay, but you must have served your apprenticeship before you will be admitted into their columns. So that chance is barred."

"And you know of nothing?"

"Why, yes," said Mr. Bailey, reflectively. "There's an old friend of mine, who used to be a colleague in this office, who told me the other day that he wanted help. He's been badly bitten by socialism, and he must have a sheet which he seriously thinks is to redeem the world, though I never saw it, nor do I know anything about his pecuniary responsibility. Men with white rags amount to much, and I guess he's sunk all he had accumulated in this venture."

"Would you mind giving me his address?"

"With pleasure. Here, let me write you a line of introduction. It is a pity you cannot make up your mind to follow a respectable line of occupation, but if you are determined to go wrong, you may as well meet your fate at once."

Bidding adieu to his new friend, who he afterwards learned was fastidiously touchy on anyone else presuming to slight the profession of journalism, Grey hurried to the address he had received.

The building which housed, with twenty other crafts, the Labor Times, was not prepossessing in its exterior. However, after mounting three flights of stairs—for then there was not as now an elevator in every office building in Chicago—he came to a door brilliantly illuminated with colored placards. There was a grand pictorial representation of Labor as a knight in armor, mounted on a superb charger, slaying the dragon of Capital, and half a dozen other florid denunciations of equal significance.

Grey modestly tapped at the door, then entered.

The walls of the office were profusely adorned with flying posters, while its furniture consisted of three common window chairs and large pile-bottomed abundantly littered with papers, behind which sat a tall, gaunt man with gray hair falling over his shoulders.

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Journal is likely to enlist my sympathies, and I have called to see if there is, as Mr. Bailey suggested, a vacancy on your staff."

"You have means?"

"Well, yes, enough to keep me for a month or two."

"That is good—no experience, eh?"

"Exactly."

"Well, as it happens, I do need help. Of course you are aware that the privilege of working upon a journal of such influence as the Labor Times carries with it a weight in considering the amount of salary."

"Well, yes, I do not expect much to start on."

"I am offering, under such circumstances, but twenty-five dollars."

"A week? No, a month?" roared the old man, agitated at the extravagant ideas of his visitor.

"But that will not pay my board bill, Chicago is a dear place to live in, and I am now giving eight dollars a week for the use of a room which has the only advantage that you can lie in bed and reach everything in it, together with badly cooked meat and indifferent service."

"So you decline?"

"No, I will accept, as the experience may be valuable to me."

So Grey was installed in the other dilapidated chair as a full-blown editor, enjoying the distinguished privilege of "molding the opinions of millions of readers," as his employer graphically put it.

It chanced that at noon the proprietor of the Labor Times announced his intentions of strolling over to a restaurant for a lunch—a free lunch, one of the privileges of the office, of which Chicago is remarkable—and Grey found himself in full charge of the establishment.

"I have called at this hour," the great man observed, "so you might be looking over our file and get on to the hang of our line of action."

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carpets, miles ahead.

And Still Shoveling on Coal.

Never have the people so thoroughly realized the advantages of J. E. Moore & Co.'s PEERLESS SYSTEM of doing business. People used to think themselves poor before they would resort to credit, but now they drive up in carriages; they come on bicycles, and drop off the street-cars.

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congratulate themselves with pardonable pride as they contemplate the great change they have wrought in the people's FURNITURE and CARPET BUYING. It is nothing remarkable. It is being accommodating; only plain, common decency. Good honest accommodation never cost a discreet person a dollar. Get that framed and hang it up where you can see it. It is the biggest lump of truth you ever slipped down on these public benefactors do not get excited or slip off the sidewalk, they just simply tell you a great big truth.

The simplest and easiest way to buy CARPETS, FURNITURE, ETC., is to go to HEADQUARTERS, J. E. MOORE & CO., THROUGH TO GREEN AVE. BET. FOURTH AND FIFTH, LOUISVILLE, KY., where freight costs you nothing. Look them right in the face and tell them what you want to buy; how and when you want to pay for it; then there is not a wagon big enough—except the World Mover—that will hold all you want to buy.

FREIGHT PAID 200 MILES.

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Hopkinsville Kentuckian.

PUBLISHED TUESDAY AND FRIDAY MORNING.

CHAS. M. MEACHAM.

SUBSCRIPTION IS A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Local reading notices 5 cents per line. Special Local 5 cents per line each insertion. Rates for standing advertisements furnished on application.

OFFICE 35 SOUTH MAIN STREET.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

We are authorized to announce
JUDGE JOHN PHELPS
as a candidate for Circuit Court Judge in this district, subject to the action of the Democratic party. Election November 5, 1895.

We are authorized to announce
JUDGE THOMAS F. COOK,
of Callaway county, as a candidate for Judge of the Circuit Court in this district, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce
JUDGE THOS. J. MORROW
as a candidate for Circuit Judge of the Third Judicial District, subject to the action of the Democratic Convention July 10.

The Democratic roster has sand enough in his craw to think that log cabin.

Remember the Democratic convention at your voting precinct next Saturday at 2 p. m. Be sure to attend.

Thos. H. Carter, Chairman of the Republican National Committee, is a red hot silver man and has declared for Don Cameron for President.

The Republican device will hereafter be a log cabin instead of the eagle. Now let the Democrats get ready to put a punchon foot in it and tack a poonskin on the door.

Mrs. Perrine, mother of Mrs. Cleveland, has been asked to visit Gray Gables next month. More or less significance attaches to this unusual courtesy to Grover's mother-in-law.

The Chicago Record's currency ballot is showing a sweeping silver sentiment. The vote up to Thursday stood 4,738 for free coinage and 2,593 against. Every ward in the city shows a majority for silver.

Walter Evans was not allowed to have much to do with things at Louisville. He was refused the temporary chairmanship and later had his gold standard resolution severely set upon. Just as like as not, if this sort of business continues, he will not even be allowed to name that colored chaplain when he gets to congress.

President Cleveland has peremptorily discharged Fourth Assistant Auditor Murphy, of the treasury department, for speaking of him as "The Old Hessian in the White House" in a letter to a friend that fell into Grover's hands when Murphy and his friend fell out. Grover must be sensitive about his age.

Since January 1, the treasury department has lost within \$10,000,000 as much gold as the sale of bonds to the Belmont Morgan syndicate. The gold lost—\$55,162,000—was paid out in the redemption of United States notes and treasury notes and most of these notes, at least seven eighths, have been presented for redemption at New York City.

The third railroad district, that undertook to settle the silver question for Democrats at the Winchester convention, is Republican by 7,000 or 8,000 majority. The first railroad district, which expressed its views at Owensboro is the party's only hope in a doubtful contest, with the 12,000 Democratic majority. If the Shermanites who are anxious to "harmonize" the party on a gold standard are not lost to all reason they can find food for reflection in this simple statement of facts.

The big silver convention at Memphis to morrow, called to offset the effects of the recent "Sherman's Raid," led by Secretary Carlisle last month, will bring together many of the ablest statesmen and financiers of the nation. The meeting will overshadow the recent goldbug gathering and if Secretary Carlisle will keep his ear close to the ground he will probably hear his "five points" answered, at least to the satisfaction of all patriotic citizens who are not wearing John Sherman's collar around their necks.

Hon. Josiah Patterson will speak at Owensboro to-morrow in opposition to silver and on Friday Hon. W. J. Bryan, of Nebraska, will answer his speech at the same place. Mr. Bryan will also answer anything in Secretary Carlisle's Louisville speech Wednesday night that deserves attention.

THE RACE FOR CIRCUIT JUDGE.

The contest for the Democratic nomination for circuit judge has turned out to be a free-for-all. There are six announced candidates, representing every county in the district. Christian has two, Maj. Jno. Phelps and Judge T. J. Morrow. Callaway also has two, Judge L. C. Linn and Judge T. P. Cook. Trigg presents Col. R. A. Burnett and Lyon completes the list with Judge T. J. Watkins. From this half dozen candidates the Democratic convention can hardly fail to pick out a good man and a winning nominee. There is some excellent timber in the list and some not quite so good, but it is hardly likely that the convention will eat the briars and leave the hay, if we may use one of Sam Jones' illustrations. It is now less than thirty days until the county conventions of July 6 will be held and it may be well to take a glance at the race as it now appears. Christian county's two candidates will in all likelihood hit upon some plan by which both will have a standing in the convention. It has been suggested that the twelve votes of the county be "prorated" according to the strength developed by each in the county mass convention, but for the purposes of this article we shall assign six votes each to Maj. Phelps and Judge Morrow. Callaway will have but one candidate before the convention from the present indications. Judge Linn has submitted a written request to Judge Cook asking that they hold a primary election in Callaway June 29 to settle their claims to the county's eight votes, but this has been declined by Judge Cook, who gives as a reason the shortness of the time. He states that he suggested the same method two months ago when there was time and Judge Linn did not regard it with favor and now he prefers to let the contest be settled as the committee ordered, by a mass convention at the court house. This will, of course, shut one or the other out of the race, so far as first instructions are concerned. Our information from several trustworthy sources is to the effect that Judge Cook will carry the county beyond any sort of doubt. Assuming this to be true the first ballot at the Eddyville convention will stand as follows: Cook, (Callaway) 8 votes; Phelps, (half of Christian) 6; Burnett, (Trigg) 5; Watkins, (Lyon) 4. Necessary to nominate, 14 and a fraction over one half. Should the hindmost man be dropped Judge Watkins would be counted as the first to go out and Morrow or Cook would probably get his votes. Unless one of the Christian candidates should have less than 6 votes in a division of the county, Burnett would go out next and it is doubtful where his votes would go. With Judge Linn in the contest he would be liable to get them, but if Callaway goes for Cook Judge Linn will have no standing in the convention. In that event it is uncertain where Trigg's votes would go. This makes the question of second choice in that county one of the principal points to be looked after by all the candidates. It is more than likely that some agreement would be made by which all of Christian's 12 votes would ultimately go to one of her candidates. Should Morrow pick up three votes in Lyon or Phelps as many in Trigg, the nomination could at once be brought to this county by changing the vote to the man developing the outside strength. These figures lead us to but one conclusion. The race will narrow down to Cook and one of Christian's candidates. Of the 9 votes in the other counties, Cook must secure 7 while Morrow or Phelps could win with 3 besides Christian's 12. Should there be no agreement entered into in this county there will be but four candidates at Eddyville, since there are but four counties and delegations cannot be divided except by agreement, in mass conventions where a majority will rule.

The silver convention in Illinois last week was a tremendous gathering of enthusiastic delegates representing seven-tenths of the party in Illinois. Few goldbugs showed up, and everything went with a whirl for 16 to 1 coinage.

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The Only

Great and thoroughly reliable building-up medicine, nerve tonic, vitalizer and

Blood Purifier

Before the people today, and which stands preeminently above all other medicines, is

HOOD'S Sarsaparilla

It has won its hold upon the hearts of the people by its own absolute intrinsic merit. It is not what we say, but what Hood's Sarsaparilla does that tells the story:—

Hood's Cures

Even when all other preparations and prescriptions fail.

"I was taken with a pain in my right side which ran down into my limbs and my ankles swelled and broke out in running sores in seven different places. Since I have used Hood's Sarsaparilla the sores have healed and I have gained fifteen pounds in weight." JOHN HARRIS, Prestonburg, Ky.

Get HOOD'S

Hood's Pills are tasteless, mild, effective. All druggists.

THE ILLINOIS RESOLUTIONS.

"Whereas, Silver and gold have been the principal money metals of the world for thousands of years, and silver money is recognized and used as honest money between individuals and between nations notwithstanding the varying ratios between silver and gold; and

"Whereas, The demonization of silver has deprived the people of free use and benefit of an invaluable and original money metal and has increased debts and added to the burdens of the people by lowering the value of labor and labor products, and

"Whereas, The constitution of the United States prohibits any state from using anything but gold and silver coin as a legal tender for the payment of debts, thereby recognizing that coin composed of silver or of gold is honest money and fit to be used as a legal tender; therefore, be it

"Resolved, By the Democrats of Illinois, in convention assembled, that we are in favor of the use of both gold and silver as the standard money of the United States, and demand the free and unlimited coinage of both metals at the ratio of 16 to 1, without waiting for the action of any other nation, and that such coins shall be a legal tender for all debts, both public and private, and that all contracts hereafter executed for the payment of money, whether in gold, silver or coin, may be discharged by any money which is by law legal tender.

A NEW CABINET MINISTER.

Attorney General Olney has been named to succeed the late Secretary Gresham, as the premier of the administration, and Judge Judson Harmon, of Cincinnati, selected to be attorney general. The nomination of Judge Harmon was a complete surprise, as his name had never been mentioned in connection with the office. The president acted in this case, as he has frequently done before, in choosing a man who had not been widely known in politics, but stood very high in his own city. Judge Harmon was originally a Republican, and during the war was active in promoting the Union cause. He left the Republican party in '72, with ex-Gov. Hoody and many other distinguished Republicans, casting his first Democratic vote for Horace Greely. He has ever since been a Democrat. In 1876 he was elected to the common pleas bench, in Hamilton county, but was counted out by the Republican legislature. The following year the people of Cincinnati manifested their disapproval of the action of the legislature by electing him to the superior bench, where he

"What's the matter old man?"



Got fooled did you?

—Well, that's too bad.—Next time buy a suit of the celebrated "HAPPY HOME" Garments. Never had anything to fit or wear so well in all my life. See that the coat has the guarantee label of the makers sewn on the sleeve.

—Why, certainly you can buy them here! They are handled in this vicinity by the Mammoth Clothing & Shoe Co., No. 1 S Main St., Hopkinsville, Ky.

AS CHEAP AS

Well, just come and see how cheap they are

HARNESS, SADDLES, BRIDLES just to suit you.

An elegant line of Summer Lap-Robes opened now. Every thing you can need we have.

F. H. Yost & Co.

presided for five years with eminent ability. Judge Harmon is still considered a Democrat, but is an advocate of the Sherman system of finance and the fact that he is a goldbug doubtless influenced his appointment from a free silver state.

Capt. W. J. Stone has declared for free silver in strong terms.

If Bradley and his crowd prefer to take cabin passage up salt river, the Democrats will not complain.

The appointment of the new attorney general is the first intimation that the President wants Harmony in his party.

The first car of 1895 wheat was received in St. Louis Friday from Coffeyville, Kas., grading No. 5 red. This is unusually early for new wheat, and indicates that the crop is forward if short. The car was auctioned off for the call at the premium price of 36 cents.

Catarh Cannot be Cured with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the physicians in this country, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarh. Send for testimonials, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, price 75c.

Your Physical Condition Needs attention at this time. If you are tired, weak and nervous, it is clear that your blood is impure, and without doubt there has been too much over-work or strain on brain and body. The course of treatment for such a condition is plain and simple. The blood must first be purified so that the nervous system and in fact all the organs will be fed upon pure blood. Intelligent people without number have testified that the best blood purifier, nerve tonic and strength imparting medicine is Hood's Sarsaparilla. Nervousness, loss of sleep and general debility all vanish when Hood's Sarsaparilla is persistently taken; in a word, health and happiness follow after taking Hood's Sarsaparilla.

The Woman's Illustrated Magazine.

Formerly the Illustrated Kentuckian, is a monthly paper devoted to Woman's Work in the Household in Literature, History, Education, Poetry, Music, Art, Philanthropy, Current Events, Public Interests, and a Pot-Pourri of fashion, odd happenings and catchy topics. We have established a footing three years old and have a splendid Subscription List to begin with under the new name. We want Good Advertising and Subscription Agents in Every Town, north, east and west. Devote the Summer Vacation to making money in this line. Commissions Large. Address with stamps for full particulars. Mrs. E. D. Foy, Editor-In-Chief, The Woman's Illustrated Magazine, 49 N. Mill St., Lexington, Ky.

Take Vitalia Liver Pills.* Old papers 20 for 5c at the KENTUCKIAN OFFICE.

NOTICE. I WANT every man and woman in the United States interested in the Opium and Whisky habit to have one of my books on these diseases. Address B. M. Woolley, Atlanta, Ga. Box 305, and one will be sent free.

Old papers for sale at this office. Don't tobacco S or Smoke Your Life away.

It is the truthful, startling truth of a book about No-To-Bac, the harmless, guaranteed tobacco habit cure that braces up stunted nerves, eliminates the nicotine poison, makes weak men gain strength, vigor and manhood. You run no physical or financial risk, as No-To-Bac is sold by R. O. Hardwick under a guarantee to cure or money refunded. Book free. Address Sterling Remedy Co., New York or Chicago.

\$200. Good Positions. OFFER FIRST NATIONAL BANK, NASHVILLE, TENN., April 6, 1895. Prof. J. F. Bradshaw, President of the Practical Business College, Nashville, Tenn. DEAR SIR:—The time for which you deposit of \$100 three months ago to-day as a forfeit under your proposition to give \$200 to any charitable institution in Nashville, and \$100 to any Business College south of the Ohio River, if you could not show more written applications for Book-keepers and Stenographers during the next FIVE MONTHS, has expired. Your Business College south of the Ohio River, and the past FIVE YEARS, has this year expired, and no demand, having been made, the same is now held subject to your check. Respectfully, W. F. BANE, Cash.

Carriages, Phaetons, Buggies. I will be found with a full line of pleasure vehicles at F. A. Yost & Co.'s harness store on Ninth St. Call and see me before buying. C. B. WEBB.

STOVES

The best stock of Stoves and Ranges in the city.

TINWARE!

Everything in the Tinware line, cheap as dirt.

ROOFING!

Call on us for Roofing and Gutters.

PUMPS!

Best pumps in the market. Force pumps, bucket pumps, all kinds of pumps.

REPAIR WORK

Special attention to REPAIRING.

Virginia St. Hopkinsville, Ky.

Opposite HOTEL LATHAM,

GEO. W. YOUNG AGT.

Dr. Franklin,

This fine young jack will make the present season at The Eclipse Livery Stable at

Herndon, Ky.,

At \$10 to insure mare with foal. Money due when the fact is ascertained or mare transferred. Dr. Franklin is a black jack, with white points, three years old, heartless and half hands high, and is a fine specimen.

W. C. DAWSON & CO.

W. A. P'POOL. A. H. GOODWIN.

POOL & GOODWIN

Keep the best and freshest stock of Staple and Fancy Groceries to be found in the city.

Country Produce handled. Opposite Phoenix Hotel, Main street.

HOPKINSVILLE, KY

Twenty old papers for 5c at this office.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U.S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder
ABSOLUTELY PURE

AROUND AND ABOUT.

NOTHING BUT NEWS FOUND IN THIS COLUMN.

A Condensed Account of the Latest Happenings, Tensely Told for Busy Readers.

William H. Russell, an evangelist, was sentenced at Baltimore, Md., to three years' imprisonment for perjury.

At Lexington George Green, colored, killed his wife and her father in cold blood and then attempted to commit suicide.

William Brown, an Indiana man, aged 70 recently released after twenty years' confinement in prison, married the woman to gain whom he killed a rival.

James Brock, aged ninety-two, and his wife, aged ninety, passed through Evansville on a hundred-mile tramp. They have been married seventy-two years.

The jury in the case of Isaiah Eakins' executor vs. the L. & N. Railroad at Henderson gave plaintiff a verdict for \$10,000 damages. Eakins was killed by the cars at Richards Station last winter.

Dink Willard, of Canton, a young man about nineteen years old, while about his work of baiting his trotline, some time after dark, was seized with an epileptic fit to which he was subject, and fell headlong into the river and was drowned. He was not discovered till the next morning.

Will Downs, who assaulted Pauline Bridenbaugh, was hanged at Morriston, Ark., Friday. He mounted the scaffold with a firm step and spoke for several minutes, stating that he was guilty of but part of what he was charged with. The condemned man said he had made his peace with God, and was ready to die.

Judge T. J. Morrow.

In this issue appears the announcement of Judge T. J. Morrow, of Christian county, as a candidate for Circuit Judge of this, the Third Judicial district, subject to the action of the Democratic party. Judge Morrow is by no means a stranger to the people of this county, and they have a very kindly feeling for him and will be glad to have the opportunity to show their appreciation of him as a man and an incorruptible lawyer and judge. He was raised in Caldwell county and educated at the old Cumberland College in Princeton, the institution that has turned out so many men that have become prominent in Kentucky and her sister States in the various pursuits of life. While quiet a young man, Judge Morrow began the practice of law at Princeton and was quite successful and soon ranked as one of the ablest lawyers at the Princeton bar. He served Lyon and Caldwell counties in the legislature. About 15 years ago he moved to Christian county, where he has built up a very lucrative practice. In 1890, he was elected County Judge of Christian, although the county had a Republican majority of 1,900, with indicates his great popularity where he is best known. He is an upright, Christian gentleman and an able lawyer. His Democraticism is unquestioned, and if the party should give him the nomination he would lead it to victory in November.—Eddyville Tale of Two Cities.

Republican State Ticket.

The following ticket was nominated by the Republican State Convention held at Louisville:

FOR GOVERNOR.

William O. Bradley, of Lancaster.

FOR LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR.

Wm. J. Worthington, of Greenup.

FOR STATE AUDITOR.

Samuel H. Stone, of Richmond.

FOR STATE TREASURER.

George W. Long, of Leitchfield.

FOR SECRETARY OF STATE.

Charles Finley, of Whitley.

FOR ATTORNEY GENERAL.

W. S. Taylor, of Montgomery.

FOR SUPERINTENDENT OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION.

W. J. Davidson, of Somerset.

REGISTER LAND OFFICE.

C. O. Reynolds, of Fayette.

COMMISSIONER OF AGRICULTURE.

Lucas Moore, of Marion.

RAILROAD COMMISSIONER FIRST DISTRICT.

Jerry Porter, of Hickman.

RAILROAD COMMISSIONER SECOND DIST.

H. S. Irwin, of Jefferson.

No Railroad Commissioner was nominated in the third district. The vote between D. N. Comings and J. C. Wood was a tie, and the convention adjourned to meet in Richmond July 16.

A "dog cabin" was substituted for the eagle as the party device.

Had His Reasons.

Eye Witness—Bravo, my good friend! You have exerted your utmost strength to save poor Rosen-stein from a watery grave!

Mandi—And for a good reason! He owes me fifty marks.—Schlesische Zeitung.

THE PRETTY GIRL.

Had an Object in View When She Went into the Smoker.

She was a pretty creature, with a willowy form and a wickedly variable in her eye, and as she stood out on Finney avenue in St. Louis, hailing an approaching car, with her skirts doubled about her to keep them out of the wet, she looked doubly entrancing, says an exchange. The car was one of the vestibule ones, and in one end smoking was permitted. Into this portion of the car my lady pranced, though several cigars, backed up by good, healthy lungs, had already provided smoke enough to stagger a smoke inspector.

She did not seem to notice and was not the least affected by the dense fumes. The conductor soon approached and while counting out some change to her said, very needlessly, to my mind, in view of the condition of the atmosphere, that this end was a smoking car.

"But you may remain if you do not mind the smoke," he concluded. "But I am going to smoke, too," she said.

The news of a Chinese victory would not have been more surprising. The conductor clutched one of the hanging straps for support, drew a long breath and then took a look, if a somewhat rude one, at his fair passenger. She was quite unabashed. Two men heard the remark and also turned to look at her, but she turned two full, deep-blue eyes upon them so innocently that they were compelled, from sheer etiquette, to remove their gaze. There seemed to be mischief lurking behind those same blue eyes, too, but it did not show itself much.

She opened her reticule calmly, as if no man were within one hundred miles of her, and procured the neatest of small cigarette boxes. It opened with a click and showed also some waxen matches. Then, wonderful sight, she lit a cigarette as neatly and as carelessly as if she were the most inquisit and callow youth that ever learned to puff cigarettes at college. And when she had finished Vandeventer avenue had been reached. She tossed the stump upon the car floor and signaled the conductor to stop. She then alighted, and a few moments later she tripped up the stone steps and thence into the gymnasium of the Pastime Athletic club, where she is a member of the ladies' class.

Trombone Cure for Lungs.

"When I was in the early 20s," said Mr. Eugene Coffin, of Albany, N. Y., "I worked in a shop devoted to the manufacture of mathematical instruments, and inhaled so much fine brass dust that my lungs became seriously affected and my whole system seemed undermined. My doctor told me that if I didn't quit the business I'd make a premature trip to the bone yard, and threw in some advice gratis. He said the best thing for me to do was to take up some kind of brass instrument, a trombone, for instance, and blow it with great vigor and regularity. It would repair my damaged lungs and restore the organs to their normal condition.

"Well, I took his advice, and ere long developed a fondness for all sorts of horn instruments. But best of all, I found that what the medical man said in regard to the effect of a trombone upon my health was verified. From being an emaciated wreck I became the proprietor of a double chin within two years, and when I paid a visit to the scene of my old labors not one of my former fellow workers knew me."—Washington Post.

She Wasn't Afraid of Snakes.

Most little children, unless they have been made afraid by their elders' nonsense, will pick up worms, bugs and toads as readily as they will flowers or pebbles; but it is no wonder Mrs. William Oushing, of Parker's Head, was startled the other day, when she looked round in response to the pained call: "See, mamma, see!" by her two-year-old daughter, Gracie. The child was holding a long snake near its head, while its body was wound three times round the child's arm and the tail resting on her shoulder. The father being present, the child was soon relieved of her companion. Who said the enmity between women and snakes was instinctive?—Lewiston Journal.

A Philanthropist.

Catterson—I tell you, old man, you are making an awful mistake. You ought to live in the country. Hatterston—I would, old fellow, but I hate to disappoint my friends who are already living there. Catterson—Disappoint them! Hatterston—Well, you see, they like to visit me in the city so much.—N. Y. World.

Many a Slip.

Waiter—Ready for toothpicks, sah?

Guest—Yes, you may bring me a toothpick. I have a hollow tooth, and I believe that quail has slipped into it.—N. Y. Weekly.

Awarded Highest Honors—World's Fair, DR. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER MOST PERFECT MADE. A pure Grape Cream of Tartar Powder. Free from Ammonia, Alum or any other adulterant. 40 YEARS THE STANDARD.

EVANSVILLE ROUTE CHICAGO AND NASHVILLE LIMITED THE ONLY Pullman Vestibuled Train Service with Newest and Finest Day Coaches, Sleepers and Dining Cars FROM THE SOUTH TO Terre Haute, Indianapolis, CHICAGO, Milwaukee, St. Paul, AND ALL PORTS IN THE NORTH AND NORTHWEST. S. L. RODGERS, Southern Passenger Agt., Chattanooga, Tenn. Mr. F. P. JEFFRIES, General Passenger Agt., Evansville & Terre Haute R. R. Evansville, Ind.

L. & N. R. R. THE GREAT Through Trunk Line between the cities of Cincinnati, Lexington, Louisville, Evansville, St. Louis, And the cities of Nashville, Memphis, Montgomery, Mobile and New Orleans. WITHOUT CHANGE! AND SPEED UNRIVALED. Pullman Palace Cars for Atlanta, Savannah, Macon, Jacksonville and points in Florida. Connections are made at Guthrie and Nashville for all points North, East, South and West. In Pullman Palace Cars. EMIGRANTS Seeking homes on the line of this road will receive special low rates. See agents of this company for rates routes &c., or write to C. F. ATMORE, G. P. & T. A. Louisville

Seed Peachblow Potatoes Just In At Wallis' & Co's Grocery, Merritt's old stand. HOTEL LATHAM. HOPKINSVILLE, KY. In the finest Hotel in the South. All modern improvements. Steam Heat and Elevator. Lights throughout. Rates: \$2 to \$3.60 per day. Hodges & Co., Managers.

Here is a Partial List of the

GOODS WE CARRY IN STOCK.

Bicycles, Engines, Threshers, Stackers, Binders, Mowers, Twines, Wagons, Buggies, Phaetons, Road Carts, Harrows, Hardware, Cultivators, Drills, Fertilizers, Seeds, Plows, Double Shovels, Steam Fitting Goods, Rubber Hose, Belting, Majestic Steel Ranges, Sash, Doors, Blin is, Mouldings, Brackets, Shingles, Mantles, Lime, Fire-Brick, White Lead, Linseed Oil, Glass, Putty, Paint Brushes, Paints, Varnishes, Tobacco Bbds, Barb Wire, Staples, Nails, Saddlery, Harness, Blacksmithing, Horse-shoeing, Repairing, Etc., Etc.

ROCK SALT FOR YOUR CATTLE AND TO FREEZE YOUR CREAM.

Sash, Doors and Blinds

Full stock bought before the advance and sold accordingly.

Screen Doors and Windows

Made to fit any opening. Leave orders for sizes.

A car load of Steel Roofing just received. This makes the cheapest roof you can put on. Stables and coal houses built within the fire limits can be built very cheaply with corrugated Iron siding and covered with steel roofing.

Forbes & Bro.



New Spring Goods

We have opened for inspection our complete assortments of new Spring Goods. Never before have we been able to offer so many inducements in either style, variety or price. . . .

Bran New Patterns

That cannot be found at any other house in the city. Don't wait for the Spring rush. See our goods and get prices. . . .

We Open

Carpets.

Reliable Maes. Only those makes which we can guarantee are allowed in our stock. Any pattern you select will be first-class. . . .

C. M. LATHAM

HOT CAKES

never sold faster than did those

Special Price Sale last Saturday.

Sale continues all this week. You lose money if you don't see us now before buying your Spring Suit.

Just Think

\$5 for suits worth from \$6 to \$7. \$8 for suits worth from \$10 to \$12. \$12.50 for suits worth from \$14.00 to \$15.00.

\$15.00 for suits worth from 20.00 to 22.50. \$6.00 choice of 75 suits, last years, worth from 10.00 to 17.50.

Ladies on Thursday we will sell you the Genuine Star 68c Waists, laundered goods, best on earth for

These goods are worth \$1.00 and sell at that price the world over. See them.

Cox & Boulware.

BY WILLIAM DIVAR

"If you could remain with me tonight I am sure you would be convinced that what I have related is true. My poor man, yours is truly a story of strange persecution," I said in sympathetic tones, "but isn't it possible your mind has become affected by sorrow and from having lived so much alone with melancholy thoughts?"

Hood's Pills become the favorite
charctic with every one who tries
em. 25c. per box.

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